

DELL
COMIC

SEPTEMBER
10¢

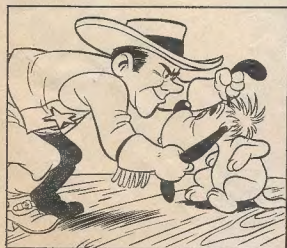
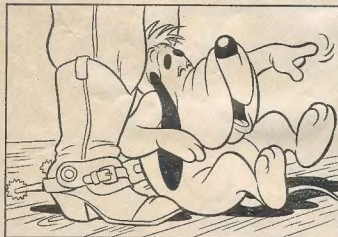
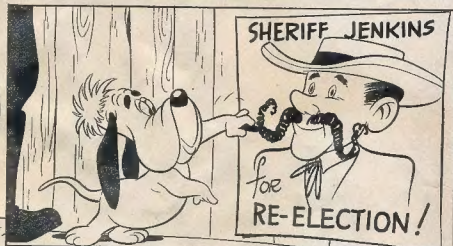
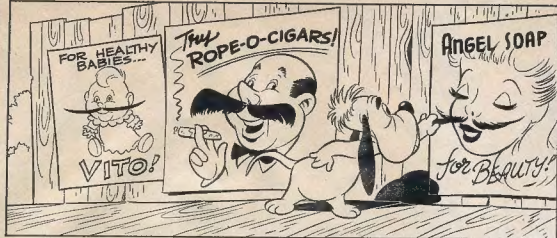
and Tom Jerry Comics



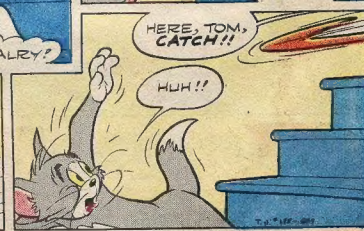
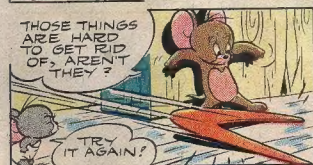
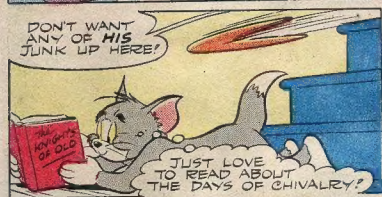
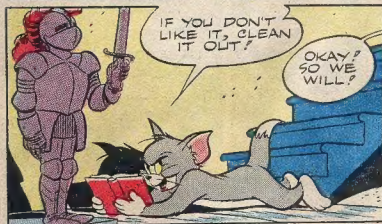
WORLD
FAMOUS
CHARACTERS



DOOPY



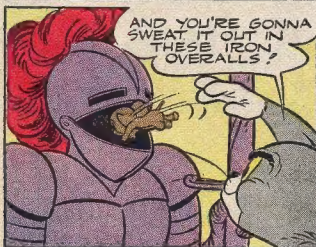
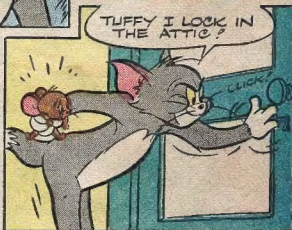
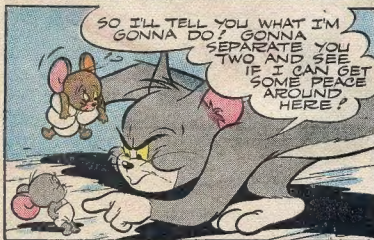
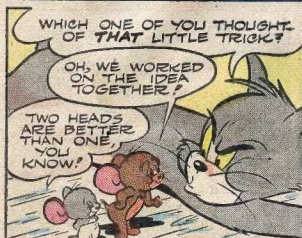
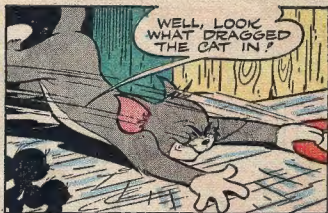
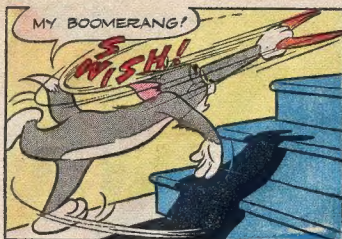
M-G-M
GARTOONS
present
**TOM
and
JERRY**

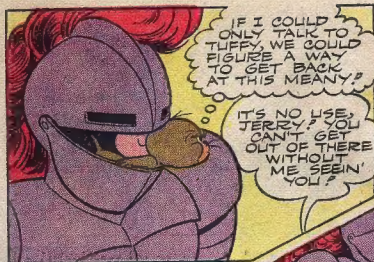


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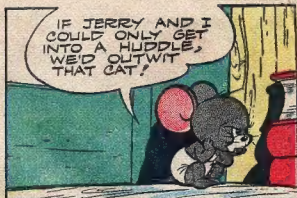
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IF I COULD ONLY TALK TO TUFFY, WE COULD FIGURE A WAY TO GET BACK AT THIS MEANY!

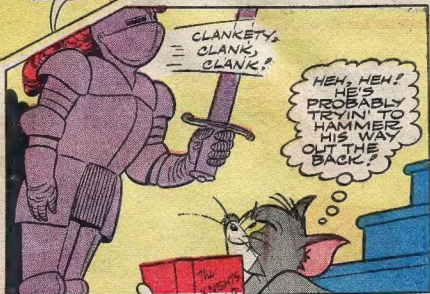
IT'S NO USE, JERRY! YOU CAN'T GET OUT OF THERE WITHOUT ME SEEN' YOU!



IF JERRY AND I COULD ONLY GET INTO A HUDDLE, WE'D OUTWIT THAT CAT!

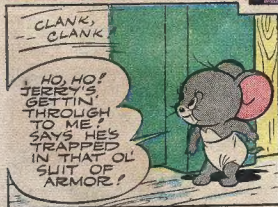


I KNOW! I'LL SEND HIM A MESSAGE BY OUR SPECIAL CODE!



CLANKETY,
CLANK,
CLANK!

HEH, HEH!
HE'S PROBABLY TRYIN' TO HAMMER HIS WAY OUT THE BACK!



CLANK,
-- CLANK

HO, HO!
JERRY'S GETTIN' THROUGH TO ME! SAYS HE'S TRAPPED IN THAT OL' SLIT OF ARMOR!



I'LL TELL HIM HOW TO ESCAPE!

KNOCK!
KNOCK!

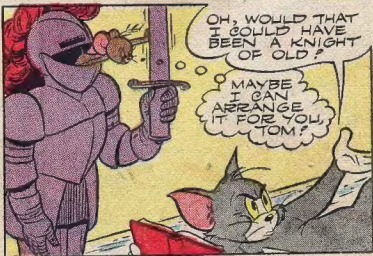


KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!

GREAT IDEA! I'LL TRY IT!

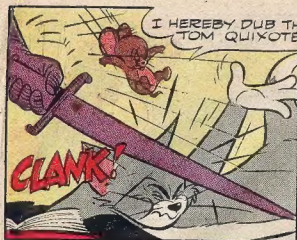


THEN THE KING TOUCHED LANCELOT ON THE HEAD WITH HIS SWORD AND SAID, "I HEREBY DUB THEE KNIGHT!"

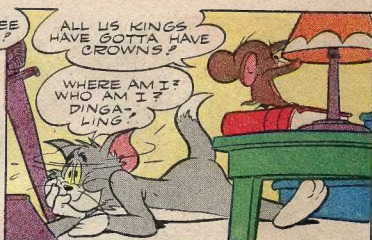


OH, WOULD THAT I COULD HAVE BEEN A KNIGHT OF OLD!

MAYBE I CAN ARRANGE IT FOR YOU, TOM!



I HEREBY DUB THEE
TOM QUIXOTE!



ALL US KINGS
HAVE GOTTA HAVE
CROWNS!

WHERE AM I?
WHO AM I?
DING-A-
LING!



ARISE,
SIR
THOMAS!
UP,
BOY,
UP?

HUH?
I'VE BEEN
KNIIGHTED?



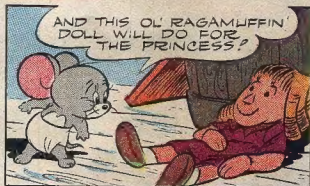
I HAVE A SPECIAL
MISSION FOR YOU!

OH,
GOODY,
GOODY,
GUMDROP?

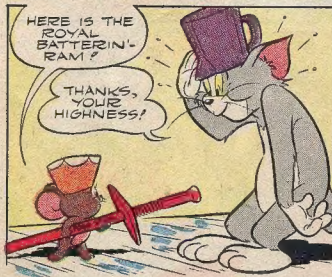


I COMMAND YOU TO
STORM YONDER TOWER
AND RESCUE THE
FAIR PRINCESS!

HEH, HEH?
THIS
ATTIC'S
THE
TOWER!

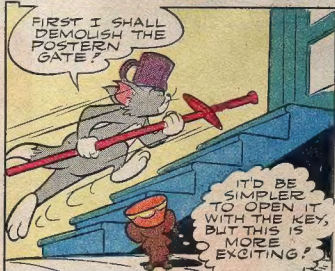


AND THIS OL' RAGAMUFFIN'
DOLL WILL DO FOR
THE PRINCESS!



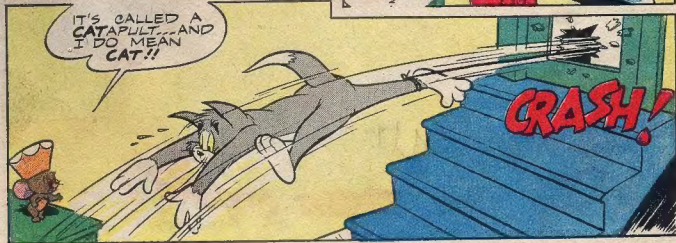
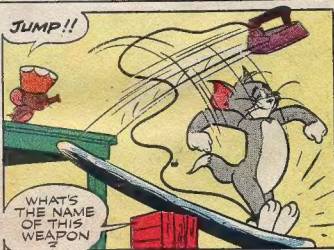
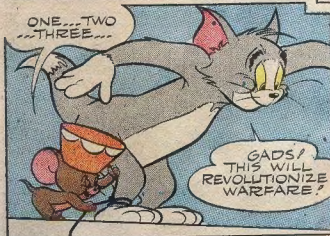
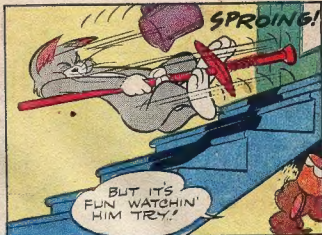
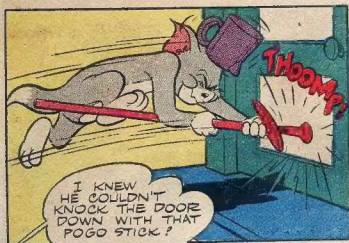
HERE IS THE
ROYAL
BATTERIN'-
RAM!

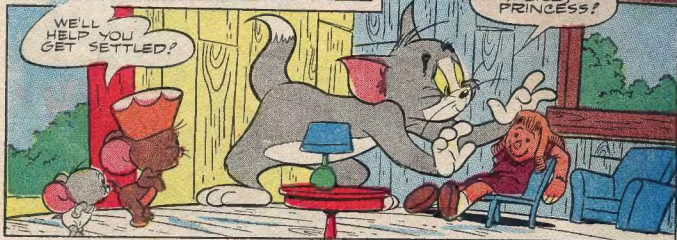
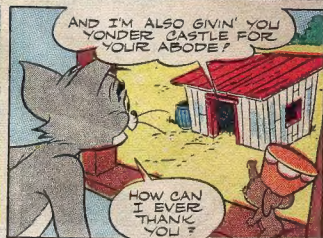
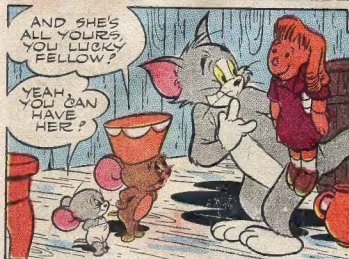
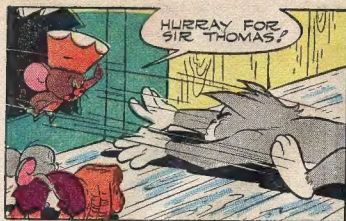
THANKS,
YOUR
HIGHNESS!

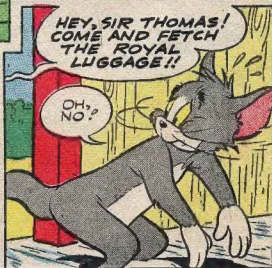
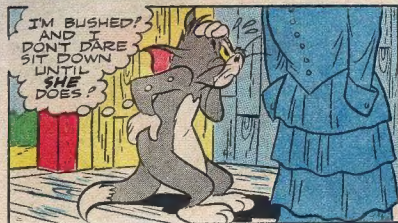
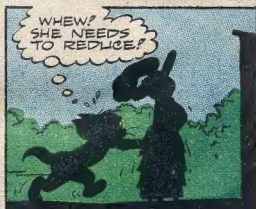
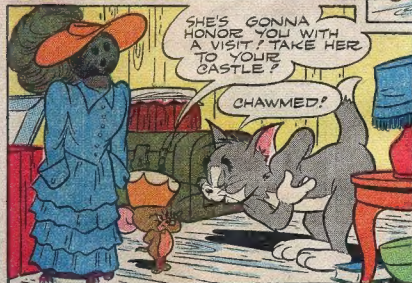
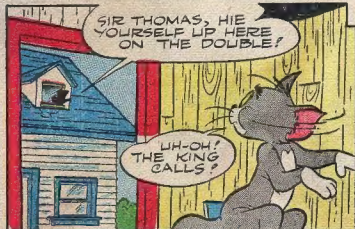
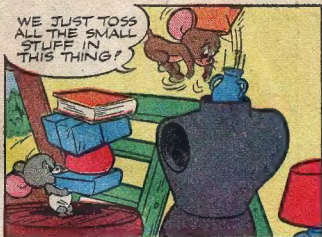
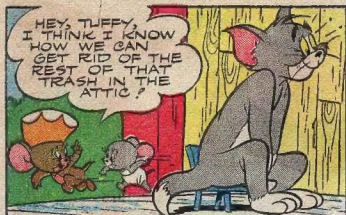


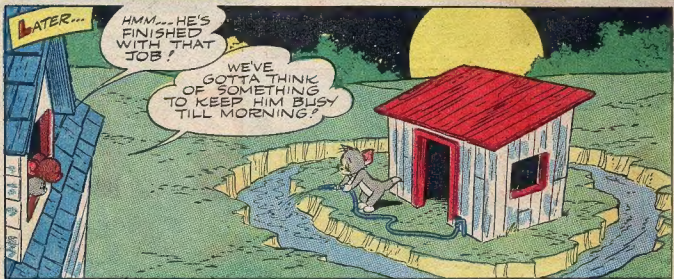
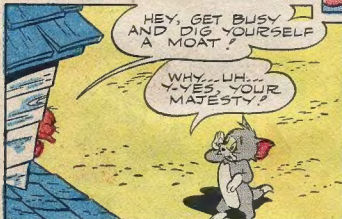
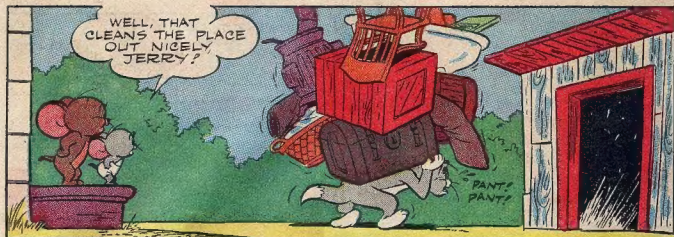
FIRST I SHALL
DEMOLISH THE
POSTERN
GATE!

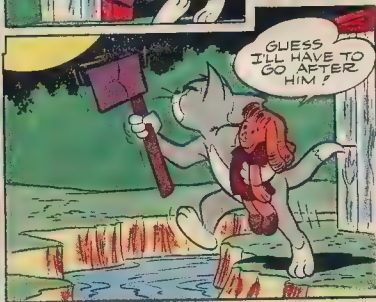
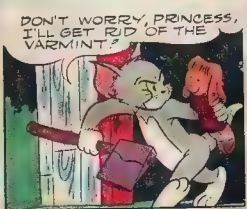
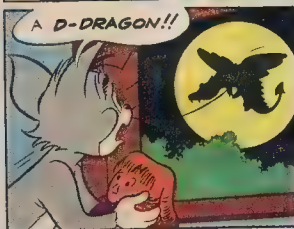
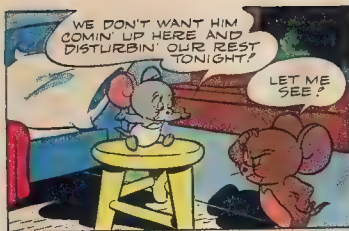
IT'D BE
SIMPLER
TO OPEN IT
WITH THE KEY,
BUT THIS IS
MORE
EXCITING!

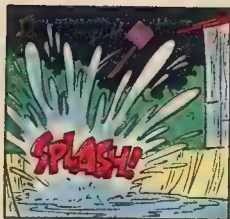




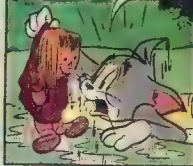








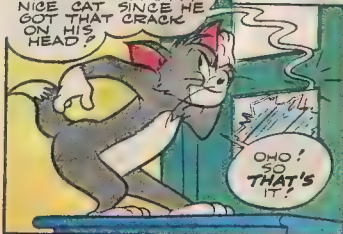
NOW, WHAT AM I
DOIN' OUT HERE
IN A DITCH WITH
THIS DOLL?



SOMETHING TELLS
ME THOSE MICE
COULD ANSWER
THAT
QUESTION?

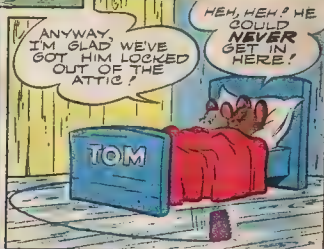


OL' TOM'S A PRETTY
NICE CAT SINCE HE
GOT THAT CRACK
ON HIS HEAD?



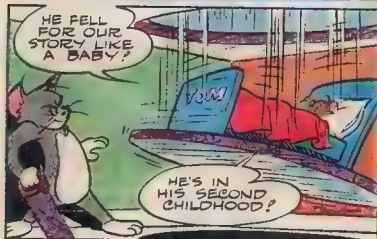
OH! SO
THAT'S
IT!

ANYWAY, I'M GLAD WE'VE
GOT HIM LOCKED
OUT OF THE
ATTIC!



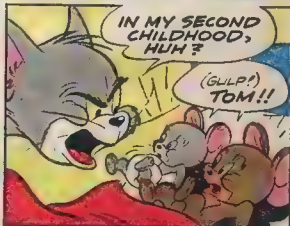
HEH, HEH! HE
COULD
NEVER
GET IN
HERE!

HE FELL
FOR OUR
STORY LIKE
A BABY?



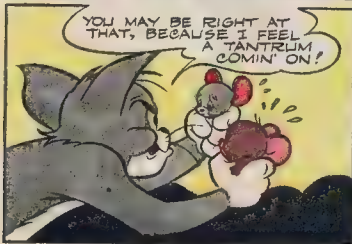
HE'S IN
HIS SECOND
CHILDHOOD?

IN MY SECOND
CHILDHOOD,
HUM?

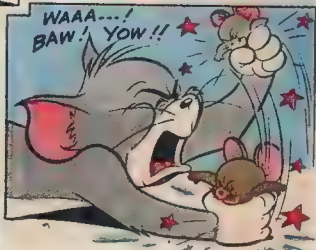


(GULP!)
TOM!!

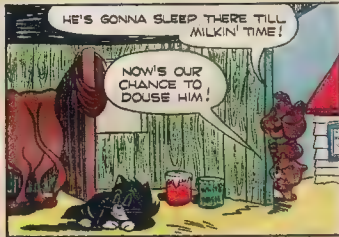
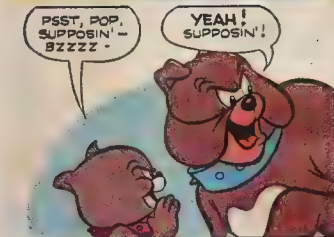
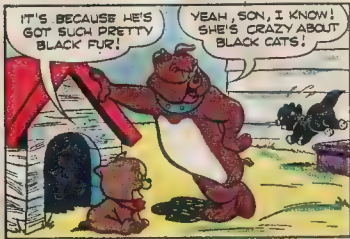
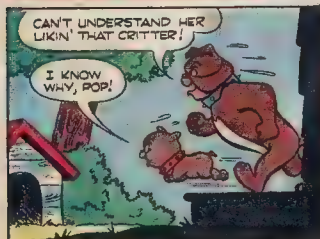
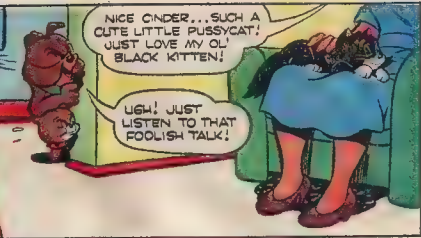
YOU MAY BE RIGHT AT
THAT, BECAUSE I FEEL
A TANTRUM
COMIN' ON!

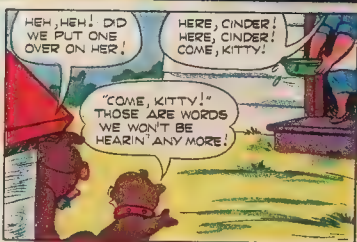
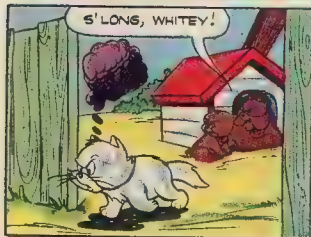
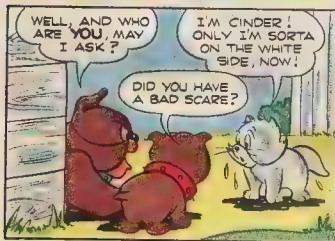
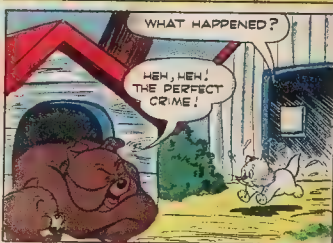
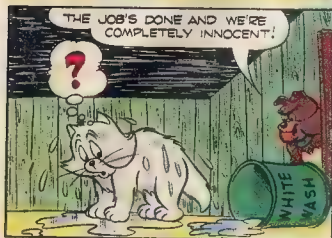
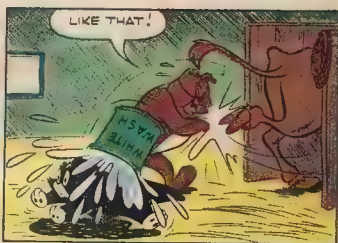


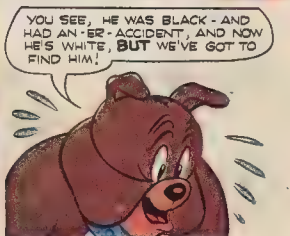
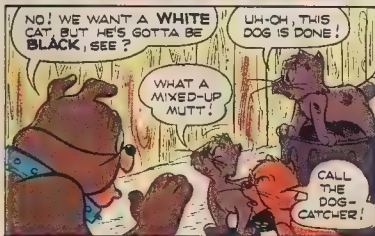
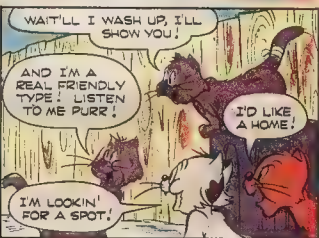
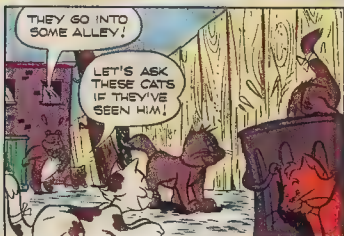
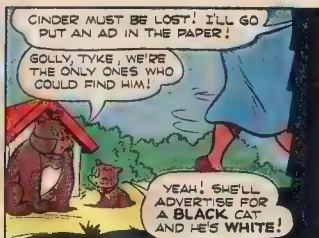
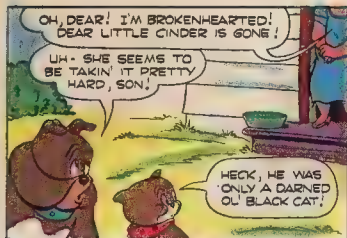
WAAA...!
BAW! YOW!!

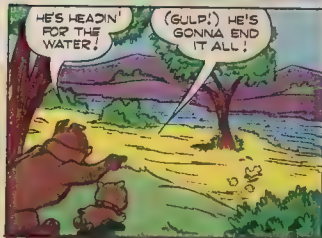
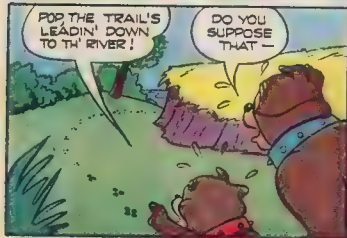
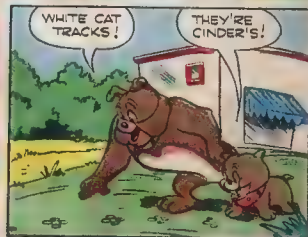
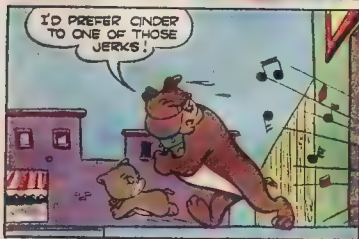
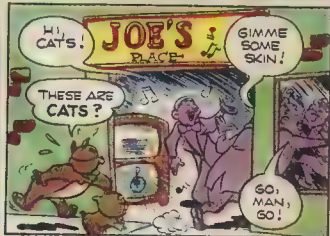
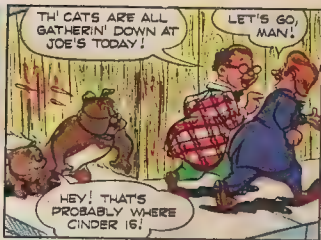
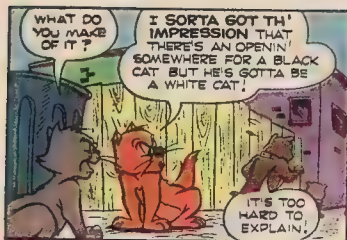


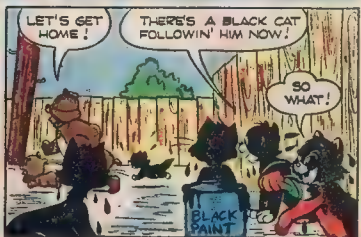
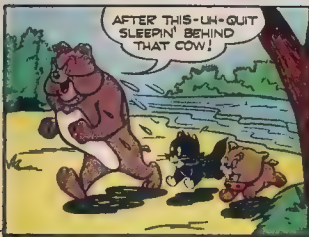
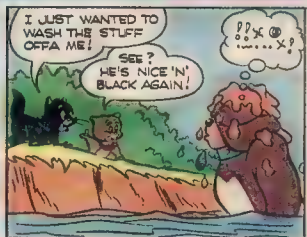
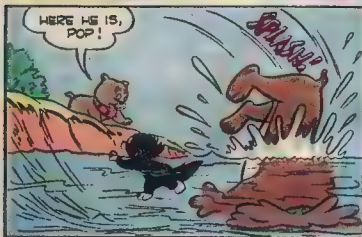
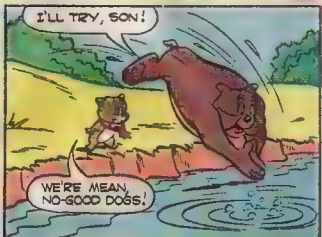
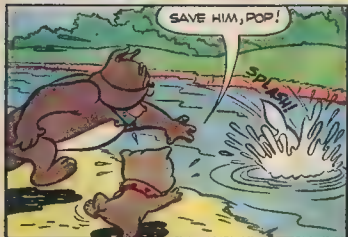
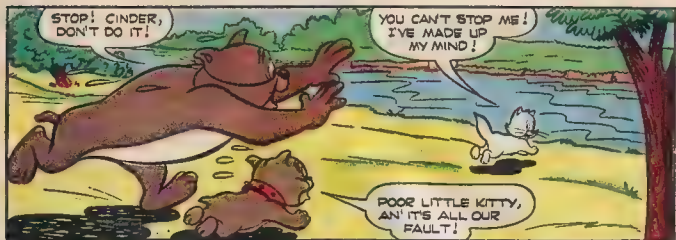
M-G-M CARTOONS
Present
Big Spike and Little Tyke

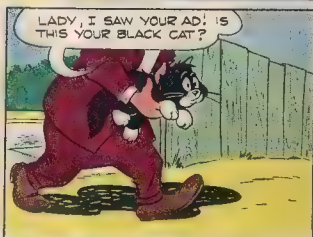
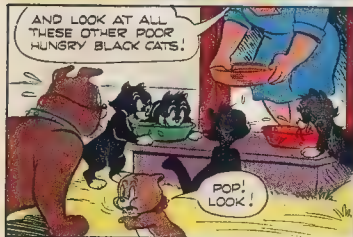
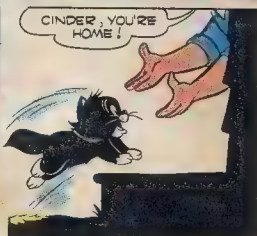
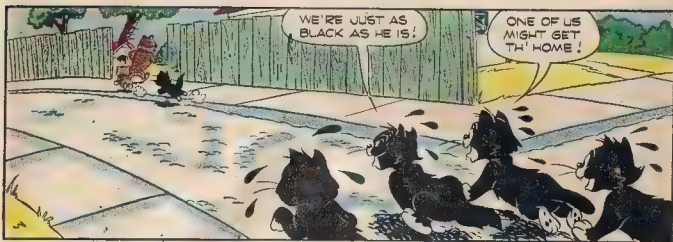












M.G.M. CARTOONS

Present

Barney Bear

with

fuzzy and Wuzzy

HOW ABOUT
THAT, FUZZY?

A FREE
DOG!

FINE DOG
FREE
OWNER
LEAVING
TOWN
INQUIRE
WITHIN

HE'S YOURS! AND HIS
DOGHOUSE GOES
WITH HIM!

OH, BOY!
THANKS!

I LIKE
THESE KIDS!

BETTER GO TO THE DOG LICENSE BUREAU
RIGHT AWAY AND REGISTER AS HIS
LEGAL OWNERS!

WHAT
LUCK!

HOGAN

THEY'RE SURE WISE
LITTLE NIPPERS!

HERE IS YOUR
CERTIFICATE OF
OWNERSHIP!

DOG
LICENSE
BUREAU

COURT
HOUSE

HOGAN,
YOU'LL SOON
BELONG
TO US!

WATER, AT HOME...

UNCLE BARNEY,
MEET HOGAN!
HE'S OURS!

WHAT?
WHO SAID YOU
COULD HAVE
HIM?

THE MAN
WHO OWNED
HIM SAID SO!

UH, OH?

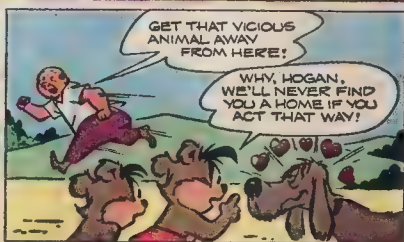
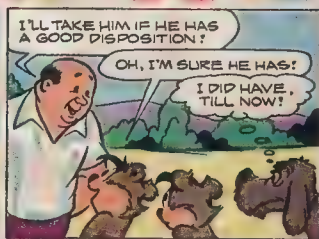
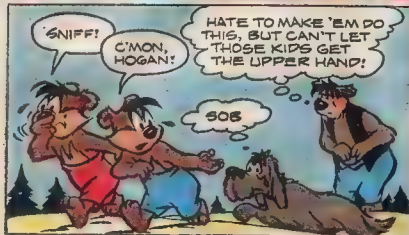
I'M THE GUY WHO SAYS
WHETHER YOU CAN
HAVE A DOG OR NOT!

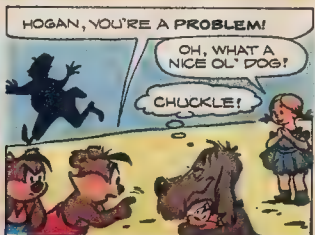
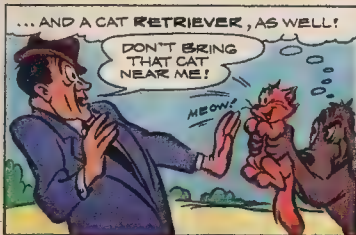
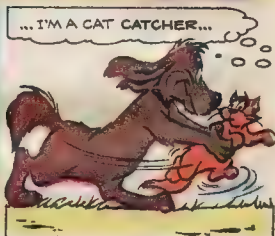
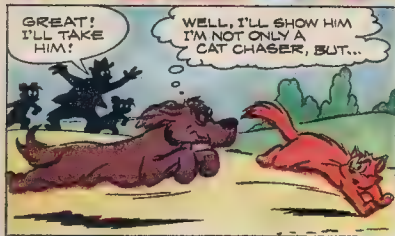
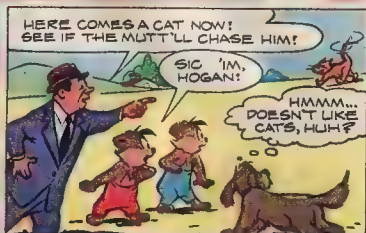
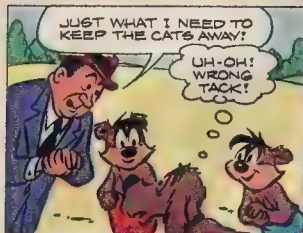
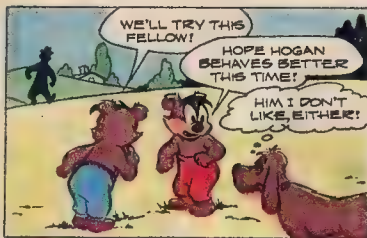
WELL, GO AHEAD
AND SAY IT!

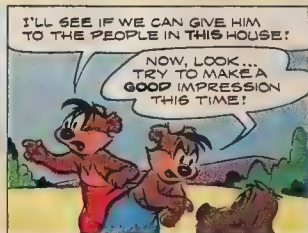
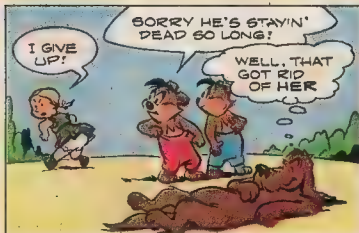
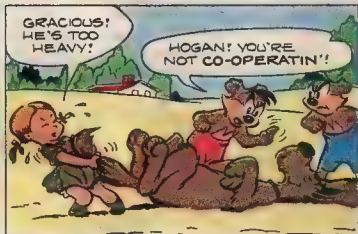
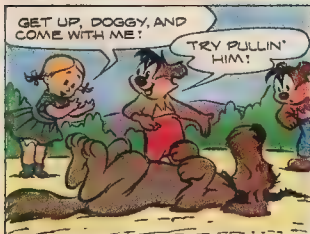
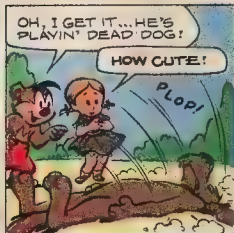
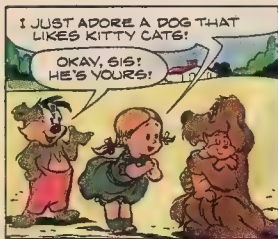
THIS LOOKS
BAD FOR ME!

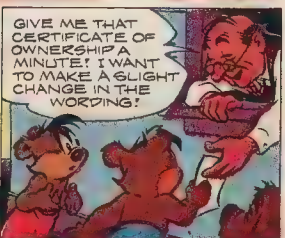
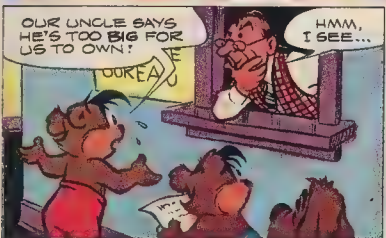
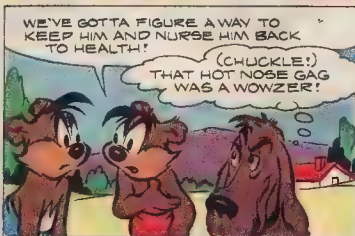
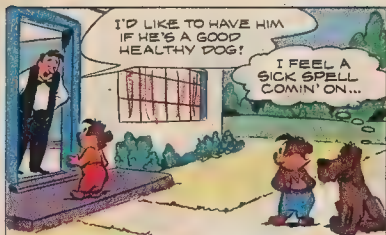
I'VE GOTTA TEACH
THESE BOYS WHO'S
IN CHARGE
AROUND HERE!

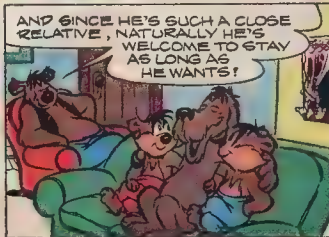
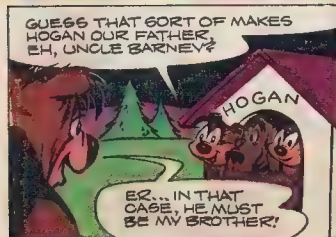
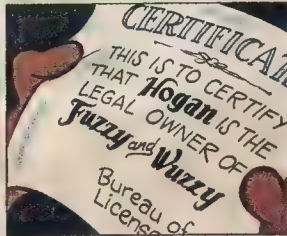
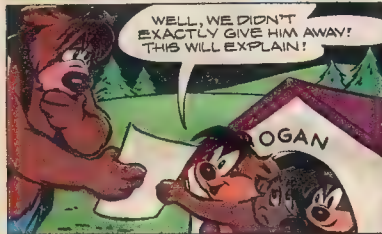
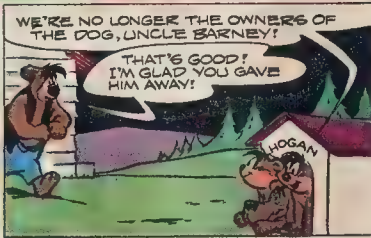
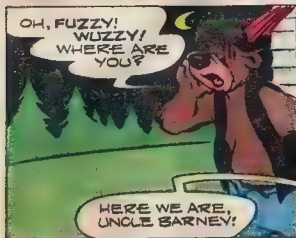
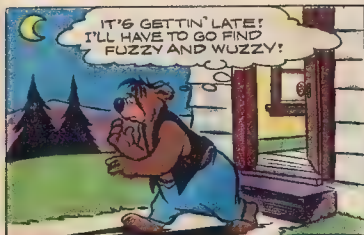
WHATEVER
IT IS HE'S
THINKIN',
I DON'T
LIKE IT!





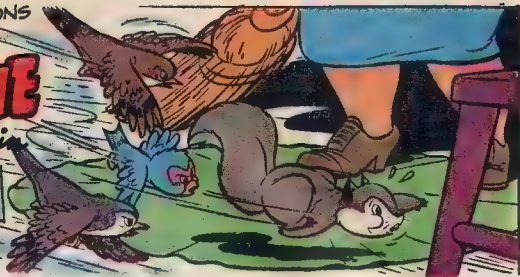






BERTIE BIRD

"THE
PROWLER"



A strange stillness lay over Apple Tree Lane. All the birds were so frightened they could not sing nor chirp nor even move. They could only listen for the prowler who was on the loose—a terrible stranger who robbed birds' nests of eggs.

"Billie," said Bertie Bird to his brother one morning, "let's track down that mean old prowler and chase him right out of our Apple Tree Lane!"

"Chee, Bertie," said Billie. "I'd like to, but I can't. I feel a bad stomach-ache coming on."

"Well," Bertie said, "I'm not afraid!" And off he flew to get Puggy Kingbird.

Puggy was not hard to find, and that fierce little scrapper was more than willing to help Bertie chase away an enemy.

"Let me at him!" cried Puggy ferociously. "I'll show him a thing or two!"

"Calm down," said Bertie. "Remember, we've got to find him first."

A minute later, as they flew low beneath the branch of a gnarled old apple tree, they were sure they had found the prowler. A squirrel, high in the tree above them, bit an apple stem off the branch and called, "TIMBER!" as the apple came crashing down through the branches.

Startled out of their wits, Bertie and Puggy slammed on their air brakes and glanced up. Sock! The apple whacked Puggy on the head, and both Puggy and the apple landed on the ground with a thud.

"Puggy!" cried Bertie, fluttering down beside him. "Are you hurt?"

Before Puggy could answer, the squirrel came skittering down the tree trunk, yell-

ing, "Don't you dare touch that apple! It's mine!" And with a threatening twitch of his tail, he snatched up the apple, ran back up the tree trunk, and disappeared into a hole.

"Well, I'll be a blackbird's grandpopt!" cried Bertie in wide-eyed astonishment. "What on earth is a squirrel doing in Apple Tree Lane?"

"Swiping apples, I guess," said Puggy, coming out of his daze and struggling to his feet.

"And birds' eggs, too, more'n likely," said Bertie. "Chee, Puggy! He must be the robber! Let's trap him and find out!"

"How?" asked Puggy, following Bertie up into the air.

"I'll show you," answered Bertie, and he led Puggy to the recently abandoned nest of the Robin family.

"Mother Robin built a second floor to her nest," Bertie explained to Puggy, "to cover an egg laid by a lazy cowbird who didn't want to hatch it herself. So let's tear up the floor and use the cowbird egg for bait."

"Great idea!" said Puggy. "The egg won't hatch now, anyway."

The two little birds went to work, and pretty soon they had uncovered the cowbird egg. Then off they flew to round up some of their friends.

"Now, gang," said Bertie, after he had explained what he wanted them to do, "follow Puggy and me! And don't make a sound!"

Without a peep or a chirp, the birds flew quickly to a hollow log lying on the ground close to the baited tree, and they all hopped into the log.

Bertie and Puggy stationed themselves inside near the opening that faced the tree. Then they all settled down to wait and watch.

But after hours of waiting, the birds grew restless.

"I guess he isn't the thief after all," said Bertie.

"Let's go!" suggested Puggy.

Then, just as they were about to hop through the entrance, Bertie spied the squirrel leaping along through the trees.

"Here he comes!" he whispered excitedly, pushing Puggy back into the log.

They watched the squirrel land in the top branches of the baited tree. He was just about to leap onto the next tree when he suddenly spotted the nest containing the cowbird egg. Quick as a flash, he whooshed down the tree trunk and squatted in front of the nest, as though he were seated at a table ready to enjoy his breakfast. Then, glancing around quickly, he reached in and snatched the egg.

"He's the thief, all right!" cried Bertie. "Come on!" And out of both ends of the log popped the birds.

"Thief! Thief!" they all shrieked, as Bertie and Puggy led them straight toward the squirrel.

The surprised and frightened squirrel dropped the egg and sped away through the trees with the birds in hot pursuit.

"Head him toward the woods!" called out Bertie.

But no matter how hard the birds tried, they couldn't turn the squirrel off his course. He dodged their sharp beaks and kept on fleeing until he came to a two-storied brick house. Leaping nimbly to the roof, he disappeared through a hole into the attic.

That didn't stop the birds, however. They went right in after him.

The mistress of the house was downstairs, sweeping the kitchen. When she heard the terrible racket in her attic, she grabbed her broom and rushed up the stairs.

"Eek!" she squealed, as she opened the door. A frightened, shrieking squirrel, followed by excited, screaming birds streaked out past her head and shoulders.

But, quickly gathering her wits, as well as her broom, the woman sped back down the

stairs and threw the front door wide open.

"Shoo! Shoo!" she cried, desperately wielding her broom.

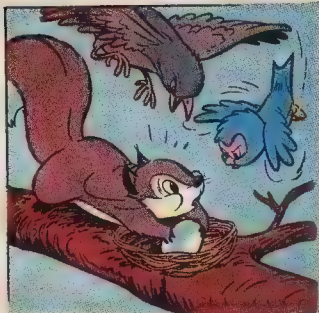
The squirrel sailed out the door and scrambled back up to his tree lanes. But this time he was headed toward the woods.

The birds, darting down and pecking him at every chance, chased him all the way to his woodland home.

"And stay there!" yelled Bertie, as the squirrel disappeared down a hole in the trunk of a tall oak tree.

"Grrk! Churr! Ark!" the angry squirrel screamed back at him. It probably meant, "Don't worry, you big bullies! I will!"

The little birds, feeling very satisfied but very tired, too, headed for home, and as they neared Apple Tree Lane, the air was once



again filled with the sweet songs, gay chatter, and chirps of happy birds.

"Sounds good, doesn't it, Puggy?" asked Bertie.

"It sure does!" agreed Puggy. "But I hear something that sounds a lot better — don't you?"

"Cheepers, yes!" twittered Bertie. "I hear the whirr of insects' wings down in that clover field. And am I starved!"

"Me, too!" cried Puggy.

"Me, too! Me, too! Me, too!" chorused the rest of the birds.

So down they all dived, to dine in their favorite wayside restaurant in the clover field, for enemy chasing certainly works up an appetite — especially for ever-hungry little birds.

M.G.M. CARTOONS

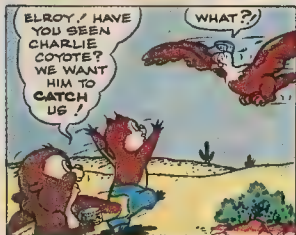
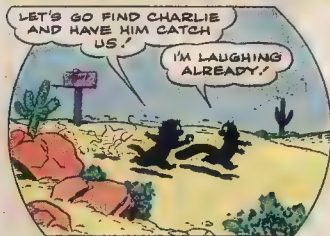
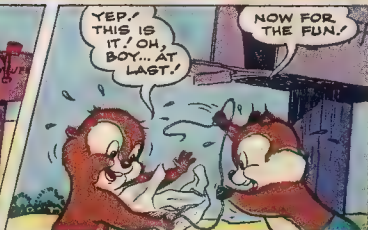
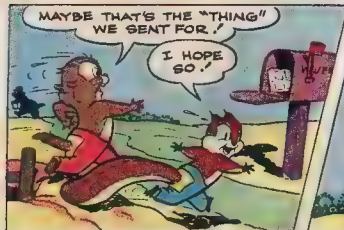
present

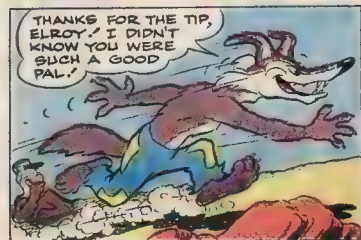
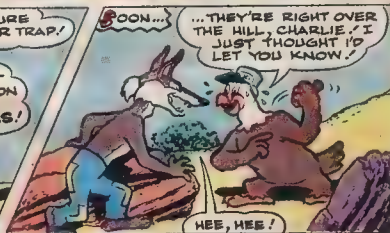
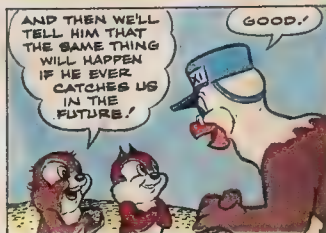
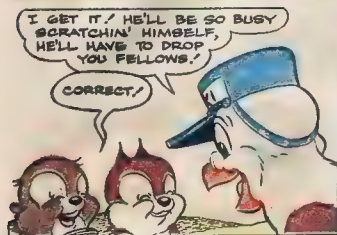
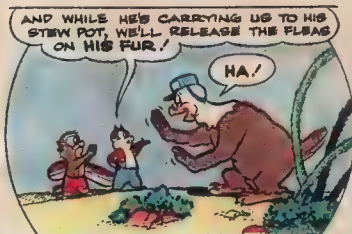
WUFF

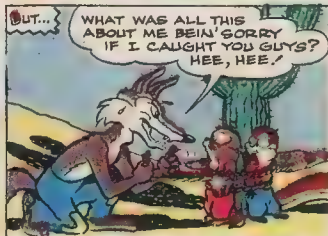
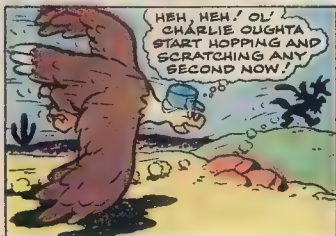
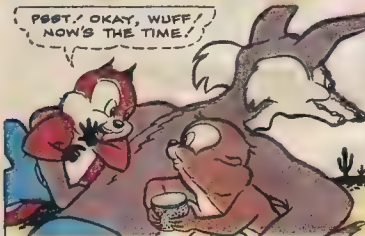
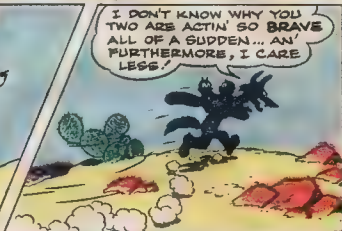
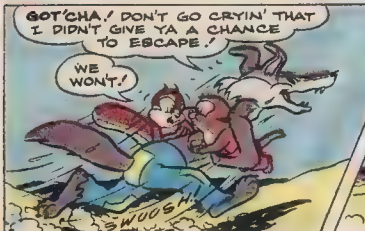
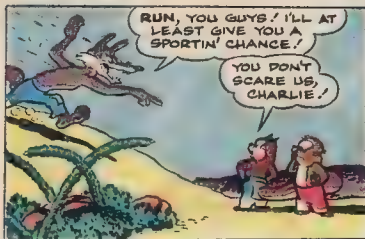
the
PRAIRIE DOG

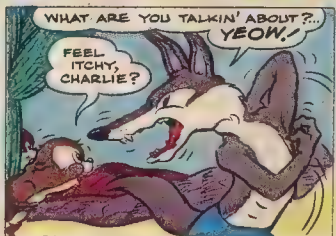
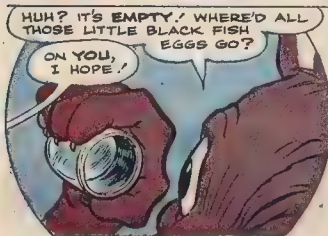
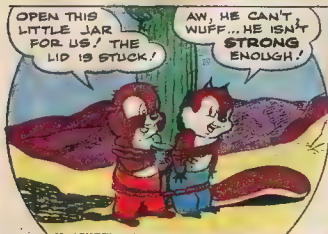
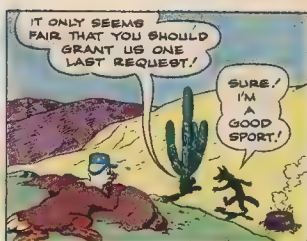
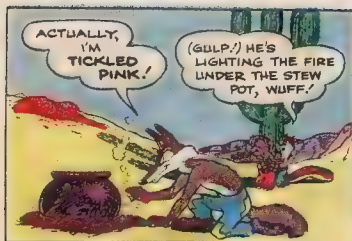
WUFF! THE MAILMAN JUST
LEFT A LITTLE
PACKAGE IN
YOUR MAILBOX!

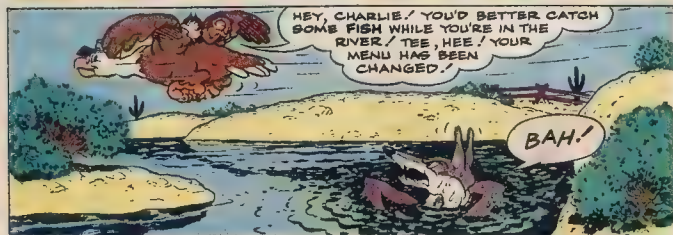
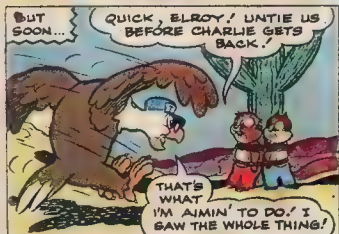
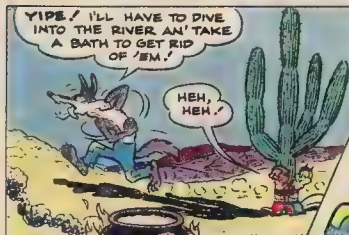
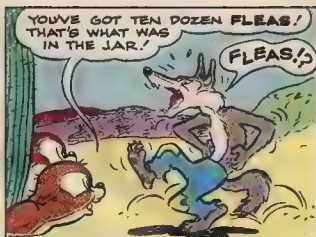
COMING
RIGHT
UP,
SAMMY!

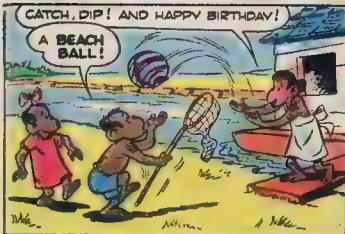
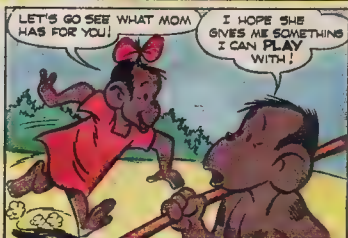
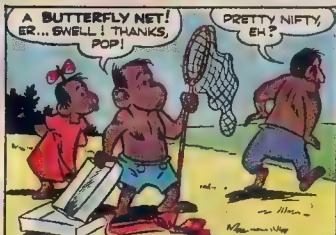
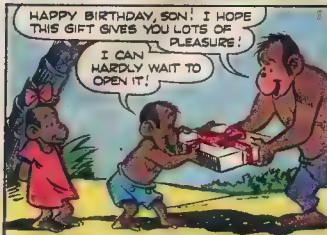
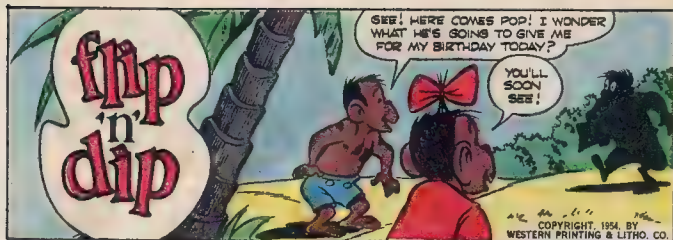


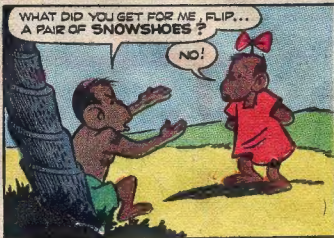




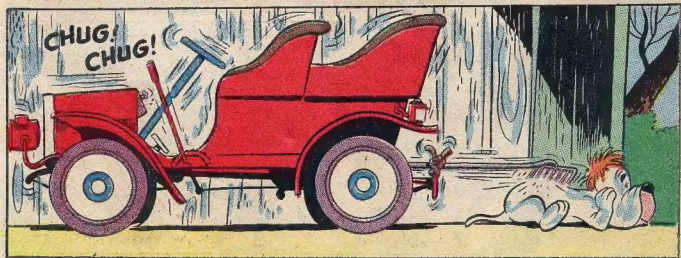
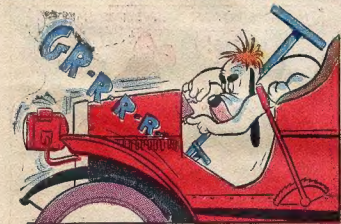
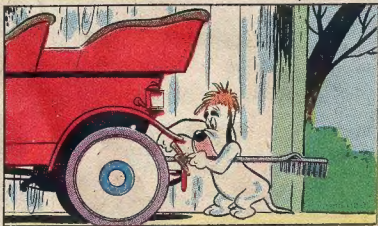
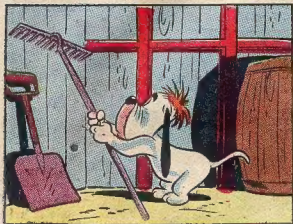
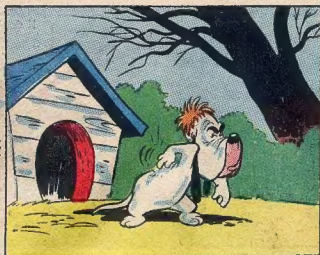




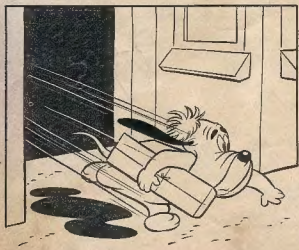
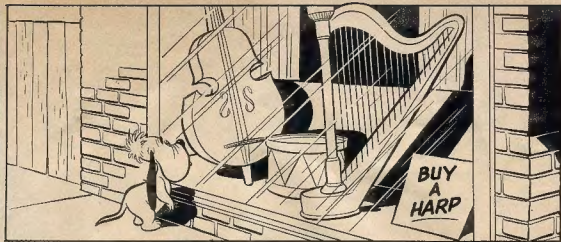




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